

# Sleepover Date

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Mako and Satsuki help Ryuko feel better about a troubling dream she had.  
Fun ensues.

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# **Sleepover Date**

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Ryuko didn't know what a sleepover date entailed, but she did know that it felt as if a prophecy was being fulfilled before her very eyes. Mako and Satsuki laid on her bed, Mako in her cute little night dress and Satsuki in that soft and fluffy robe she liked so much. Even as she spoke with Ryuko, Mako's head was resting upon Satsuki's breast, as if it were perfectly normal to discuss such things in that position.

Her heart hammered against her ribs, hard enough to bruise even, as she broached the subject with as much tact as she could muster. This might've been their seventh date, but this felt like it needed delicacy given their unique relationship.

At least Mako was reacting favorably, although Ryuko doubted there was very little she could suggest that Mako would say no to. Satsuki, on the other hand, looked unchanged to how she was before she dropped the bomb, staring off into nothing. She must've been missing Nonon. Nonon going off to visit her parents for the weekend had been the entire reason why Mako had this idea in the first place, so Satsuki wouldn't be alone in the room the two shared.

Ryuko nudged her. "Oi."

"... yes?" At least Satsuki had the decency to look somewhat sheepish.

Ryuko felt her face go red. "Don't make me ask again, sis. Damn..."

"I didn't hear, I'm sorry," she said sitting up. Mako whined and clung to her robe, forcing her back down lest she bend her in such a way that even Mako couldn't handle. "What is it?"

Ryuko couldn't get it out a second time. It felt harder than the first time, especially with Mako nodding encouragingly and Satsuki's hard

blue eyes boring into her soul. God knows what she thought she was going to say, but Ryuko was sure that she caught the tiniest of worried glances towards Mako. Whatever she was thinking it couldn't be good. Can't have that.

"Ahem, well..." she started, "we were just talking about... uh, sex dreams. And, uh, that I had one."

"Yes?" Satsuki's eyebrow perked up and disappeared fully behind her fringe.

"Oi, put the eyebrow down, alright? I don't need you judging me."

"You haven't said anything worth judging yet. I imagine very few people *don't* have sex dreams every once in awhile." She patted Ryuko's knee, but refused to put her eyebrow back where it belonged. Ryuko frowned at it, which only made the other one rise up after a second.

"Anyway, sex dreams, right? And well, I don't know, I guess I'm just asking for both of you to bare your dirty minds with me so I don't feel like such a freak."

"I already agreed!" Mako said, suddenly off of Satsuki and rolling around on the bed spread at their feet. "Mine are *always* really weird."

"I suppose it would be unfair of me not to contribute..." said Satsuki.

"Hell yeah it would." Ryuko straddled her knees, pulling out her most ridiculously pitiful face; the one with the crooked pout and her eyes shimmering at the edges with unshed crocodile tears. Then she pulled out the clincher. "C'moooon, help a girl out, nee-chan."

Satsuki visibly swallowed. Any other person, it would've been a full gulp. But her? Nothing more than a little bob of her throat.

Score.

"Oh, well, if you're going to pull 'nee-chan' out, I suppose I'm won over. Provided that I don't have to go first."

Ryuko crashed upon the older girl with lips smacking on her cheeks with gratitude, and Ryuko couldn't have loved neither her nor Mako more than she did in that moment. She could feel her face warm, so she gave her a nip for good measure. Mako giggled loudly at the two of them even as she joined the pile.

She wrapped an arm around Ryuko's shoulders as they pulled away. "Since Satsuki doesn't want to go first, I'll do the honors so you don't have to be the one who breaks the ice."

"No judgment from anyone, right?" asked Ryuko.

"Unless honest opinions are asked for," said Satsuki. "But otherwise, yes."

Relaxing with their support, Ryuko sat back on her hands, smiling easily for the first time since they holed up in the room.

"You guys ready?" Mako asked.

"Ready!" said Ryuko. Beside her Satsuki nodded.

"Okay! This one's really, REALLY weird but it got me going at the time," Mako started, standing up fully on the bed and crossed her arms as if readying herself for one of her speeches. "Me and this faceless guy from school-and I mean faceless not just I never saw his face, but just plain ol' nothing but twitchy skin-were making out somehow at my house It was getting pretty hot and was like, 'Aw yeah I'm gonna get some faceless boy action' but then my dad came home so we hid in the bathroom and just kept on goin'-as you do, y'know?-and we managed to get down to our underwear but then mom comes home and starts looking for me. I just carry him outside at that point because I'm not gonna pass up some eldritch horror dick just because my parents are around. BUT THEN MATARO COMES HOME. You know how he is. So we somehow get on top of

the roof because I knew they wouldn't think to look for me up there and I rip his underwear off and my mind did that Pulp Fiction thing where the viewer doesn't get to see but I remember being very happy about the level of horror he was packing so I jumped him right then and there. He didn't last very long-which is normal sometimes, I guess-and he looked so sad about it that he started to disintegrated into noodles and I was trying to get him to stop, but no he was just a pile of noodles. Sentient noodles."

"Mako, don't tell me the noodles finished the job," Satsuki said.

"They DID! You know me so well. I also ate them afterward since they asked so nicely, but that's the point where it turned into a cross between Silent Hill and Alien so that concludes the sexy part of the dream!" She bowed deeply, basking in Ryuko and Satsuki's dumbfounded stares as if she lived for that kind of thing. Ryuko was sure she did.

"Well," Ryuko said, clapping her hands on her knees. "Thanks for that... My dream was weird on a different level than that though."

Mako scooted up between them, rearing up to receive the kiss Ryuko pressed into her lips. "I've had weirder ones than that, but they weren't about sex so..."

"Maybe we can hear them another time, yeah?"

"Yeah sure! Most of them are fun or awesome and I dream about the same places a lot of the time."

Ryuko noticed that Satsuki had fallen quiet, her gaze falling far away once again.

"Satsuki, you ready?" Ryuko asked.

She blinked. "Who said it was my turn?"

"You're comforting *me* . I thought it was a no brainer that I'd go last."

"I suppose that's fair, but I'm afraid Mako's dream had put me at a disadvantage. Mine's pretty maudlin in comparison."

"Satsuki, don't let me discourage you! We wanna hear and support you in your subconscious desires." The younger girl took Satsuki's hand and smooshed it right over her heart so that she might feel the truth in Mako's heartbeat. It was clear that the swell of Mako's breast was ruining the effect that she aimed for, however. "Mine was about my desire for intimate privacy and also a bowl of the best noodles in the world!"

"Sentient noodles," the sisters said in unison.

"The best noodles!"

"Oh very well..."

Satsuki retrieved her hand before it could go exploring. As she gathered her robe about her more tightly, Mako squirmed her way into Ryuko's lap, who wrapped her up in both her arms and legs and rested her chin on top of Mako's head. She had their rapt attention, and neither of them so much as fidgeted as they waited. Ryuko's heart felt fit to burst against Mako's back.

Satsuki took a deep breath. "I had sex with all seven of you the end. Ryuko's turn."

Ryuko saw red. "Sis, that's fuckin' bullshit! I'm gonna tell my dream in somewhat excruciating detail and Mako was brave enough to tell us about a noodle demon. Come. The. Fuck. ON!"

"Ryuko, this is about people I know and commanded, it's hard, okay?"

"DO IT. MINE IS TOO SO I'M NOT IN A PLACE TO BE O-FUCKIN'-FFENDED, OKAY?"

"FINE, fine, fine." She took another deep breath, a proper one, and the flush of anger that patched her cheeks receded slightly. She closed her eyes as if unable to look at either of them while she spoke. "It was up in my office at the Academy. The eight of us were planning something big as a last ditch effort for victory. Hope didn't seem to have a place in that room and I could tell just by looking into everyone's face that the plan, whatever it was, couldn't possibly work.

"I stood before you all as a leader, knowing that I had to say something to inspire you all to try to, you know, die fighting on the battlefield where we all belonged, at the very least. I couldn't find the words. Even looking at you, Ryuko, I saw no chance of us succeeding. I started crying harder than I ever dared to by myself, let alone the people who I love the most. I couldn't stop, and I even felt pity from Junketsu, where I've only felt a hunger and derision before."

"Shit..." whispered Ryuko, her voice muffled against Mako's hair.

"Suddenly, I was embraced from all sides by you two, my Devas, and Iori and you held me up against the weight of failure. I could tell each of you apart, felt where each became another person, knew that the love I have for each of you was flowing back into me sevenfold. I kissed each of you as deeply as I could and as I did I felt someone drying my face of tears, I felt Junketsu being made to free me and I shed him gladly. Hands were on my body and I didn't fear them. Even as you all bade me to let you guide me, I felt safe. I felt home.

"Your touches were all new to me, of course. I don't know who was holding my hands as they kissed my fingertips, I don't know who ran their fingers over my scalp and through my hair. There were mouths on my stomach and breasts, all unique though I couldn't put a name to them. My legs were in someone's lap and they rubbed my calves and feet as if only for the sake of touching. Someone had their fingers inside of me. They moved only as fast as the most languid touch elsewhere, but I didn't mind. I was afraid the whole thing would

unravel if I pushed or if I looked to see who was doing what, so I just did what each touch requested.

"I was about to finish when I woke up. I very nearly cried, but I didn't want Nonon to worry. I don't think I was ready."

"Aw, Satsuki..." Mako's big, brown eyes fluttered open and yet again her hands found themselves in hers. "That's such a wonderful dream."

"Total downer in the beginning," said Ryuko, nonchalant to shake the image of a prostrate Satsuki out of her head. It was difficult though, and she felt the pang of it as readily as if it had been her own dream. "The rest saved it. You are the ultimate empress of pillow queens."

"I... I think I'd enjoy giving immensely," Satsuki replied, frowning.

"Suuure." Ryuko tried to soften her tone with all the fondness she possessed. "But you'd enjoy all of us pampering you just as much. Don't deny it."

"I don't actually want that sort of thing to happen. Too many people..."

"You just want that kind of safety and intimacy, right?" asked Mako.

"When I'm ready, yes," she answered.

She sensed the defensiveness in her voice, and judging from the quick glance Mako gave her, Mako did too. But rather than tease at it for a reaction as they were wont to do, they allowed the focus to shift away from her and back on to Ryuko. Satsuki after being sure they had dropped it, relaxed a little, crossed her legs and relinquished Mako's hands at last.

"How do you feel about yours now, Ryuko?" Satsuki asked.

"A little better," she said. "I mean, even if it is a little weird or perverted, I'm not alone. I got you freaks to take down with m-"

"Tell us, tell us, tell us," Mako started chanting, beating her fists on her knees. "The suspense is killing me, tell us, tell us, tell us!"

"Oi, I think you need to calm down."

"I can't! I won't! I don't want to!"

"If you don't calm your cute tits, I'll tell Satsuki after you've fallen asleep so you won't know a thing."

At the look on Mako's face, Ryuko couldn't help but feel as if she'd gone too far. With the most pitiful frown, Mako stilled her fists and fell silent before Ryuko. Satsuki pulled the girl into her own lap which seemed to cheer Mako up somewhat. Satsuki had gone soft it seemed, or Mako just had a good read of where her soft spots were, for it was clear that she was just playing it up to get back at Ryuko. Unimpressive, but the sight of the curled up together was reward enough.

"That's better," said Ryuko.

"Hmph," said Mako and buried her face in Satsuki's shoulder.

Ryuko ignored the action and instead looked for the words to begin. "Alright, so I had this dream a few nights ago. It might've been influenced by Nonon saying she was leaving for the weekend all that. You guys know how dreams can be. But anyway it started out kinda like this sleepover date thing, but instead of sharing dreams we were playing truth or dare, since none of us really got to play it when we were younger. We should totally play on our next date though. It's happening."

Mako gave another little wiggle before remembering that she was supposed to be mad. Ryuko smiled.

"I don't remember any of the questions or answers for truth... but the dares started out pretty tame. Mostly flashing and smack cam sorta things, you know? I don't know what happened to make it go south,

but then we were doing more, uh, sexier things. Which lead to the embarrassing part of the dream. I... asked for... well, for me to watch while... uhm...." She blushed and fidgeted against the wall, looking anywhere but at them. No, she couldn't stop there. She thought of their dreams and pulled together enough resolve to make up for the absence of her usual spine. "I wanted to watch as one of you face-fucked the other."

Mako looked up at that, eyes wider than Ryuko ever recalled seeing them. This time both of Satsuki's eyebrows leapt up into her hair, irretrievable for good it seemed.

"Who was where?" Mako asked.

"Uh, Mako... you were the one fucking Satsuki's face and it was so fucking glorious and I have no shame whatsoever, so help me. It's been on my mind ever since, like burned into my skull, you don't even know. Beat the shit out of me because I deserve it for dreaming that up." She hid her face behind her hands and scrunched her body up so much that she might as well have been an armadillo or a hedgehog.

"We don't wanna beat you up," Mako said as they caressed her back and shoulders. "Right, Satsuki."

"Why would we want to?" Satsuki asked.

"Yeah. That seems like a stupid thing to do to you."

Ryuko refused to answer. Saying it aloud had brought the reality of it crashing back down on her with all the force of a whale falling out of the sky. This wasn't the absurdity of Mako's thirst for privacy or hunger for noodles, nor was it the glow of love and intimacy that permeated Satsuki's. It was just raw, unfettered lust that latched onto them in the depths of the night, hot and sticky as the belly of a wild beast. This had been a dumb venture.

She felt the bed shifting as one of them got up. She didn't have the heart to see who, nor what look was on her face.

"Ryuko," said Mako. "You sit here and calm down, okay? Me and Satsuki are gonna be over there on my bed if you need us, but we won't be gone too long."

The rest of the weight left the bed, leaving her alone to dimple the mattress. She could hear their whispers, none of them sounding disgusted, but Mako had a note of concern in hers at one point. Ryuko swallowed and looked up from her hands, saw their shapes perched on the edge of Mako's bed. As Ryuko realized she saw nothing of what she feared in their faces, she spread her limbs out once again, feeling stupid for everything yet still unsure of what to expect.

As the last of the excess heat drained from her face and neck, they seemed to reach an agreement and Mako jumped to her feet, looking inexplicably excited. Satsuki had her lip between her teeth as she followed Mako back to Ryuko's bed, and Ryuko wasn't sure what to make of that.

"Feeling better?" Mako asked as she settled in beside her.

"Yeah," Ryuko said. "Sorry, I just... I don't know it just seems weird to have a dream like that about real people and have it be so... fuck, I don't know."

"Close to reality?" offered Satsuki.

"Uh, I wouldn't have put it that way." It felt right though, she couldn't deny that.

"Why not?" Her question was gentle.

Ryuko laughed weakly. "Is it really so close to reality?"

Satsuki and Mako shared a look as if they shared a secret they were eager to share.

"We have an idea. Well, if you're willing to hear it," said Mako. Her relative stillness was unsettling and gave what she was saying a certain gravity it wouldn't have otherwise.

"Uh, okay..." Ryuko said. She eyed the both cautiously.

They looked at each other once again, their faces reddening in tandem.

"We want to show you how little you need to worry about dreams like that when it comes to us," she continued. "Because you don't. You really don't, Ryuko. We love you."

"What are you talking about?"

"We're willing to do it for you," Satsuki said.

"Yes!" Mako said. "So willing!"

"Do what?" Ryuko was baffled by all this lack of specificity. That wasn't to say she didn't have suspicions, but she couldn't allow herself to entertain that thought. That couldn't be what they had discussed across the room, not *them*. The naive Mako and the steely Satsuki she had come to know and love so dearly did not seem likely to sit down and discuss things like *that*.

"Your dream. We're willing to enact your dream," said Satsuki. Heat was coming off of her in thick waves as she said it.

"Wh-what?"

"You were scared because you didn't know if it were okay for us right now, right?" asked Mako. "It seems so close to being real but you didn't think it was okay to ask it of us since all we've done is kiss before, right?"

Ryuko nodded, words stricken from her. Even after all this time Mako's observations still caught her off guard at times. Was Ryuko so easy to read or was Mako just that good at reading people?

"We're both telling you now; you don't need to be afraid to ask us." Suddenly Ryuko's hand was in Mako's, the back of it pressed against her soft cheek. "The worst we could say to you is no, right, Satsuki?"

Satsuki nodded and her hands encircled Ryuko's free one. They were normally cool to the touch, but at that moment she seemed to be suffering a flame lit from inside.

Ryuko sat dumbfounded for the second time that night, hardly daring to believe what she was hearing. They wanted to do that while she watched...? It seemed utterly inconceivable and yet they both sat before her and awaited her word, their eyes bright even as the lamp on Ryuko's bedside table gave off its sleepy orange-ish light behind them. Satsuki's response to all this was the most surprising thing at all. The best Ryuko had hoped from her was a quip about how unseemly such a thing was. And yet she was as willing as Mako.

She cleared her throat after a long bout of silence between them. "I'd like that a lot."

Mako was up and bouncing on the bed before Ryuko registered that her hand had been released, giggling louder than she ought to at this time of night. "Oh Ryuko, this will be the funnest thing ever!"

Satsuki wrapped an arm around Mako's knees and sent her sprawling back down on the bed. "Shh, Mako. There might be a whole room between us and your parents, but let's not get too carried away in this venture."

"Oh right. I forgot."

Satsuki returned her attention to Ryuko. "As much as it goes without saying, she and I have the right to refuse anything you request."

"N-no shit! I mean I wouldn't be that kind of person, I promise."

"As long as you understand that, then I'm a willing participant."

Ryuko held her eyes as long as she could before Mako suddenly occupied the space between them. Satsuki let go of Ryuko's hand to accommodate her.

"So here's the way we're gonna do this!" Her arms wound around their shoulders. "Since you were a voyager-"

"Voyeur," Satsuki corrected.

"Yes, that! Since you were that, it'd be kind of silly to have you dictate every movement, wouldn't it? So we'll go about it as we would naturally and leave you to set us right if we stray, or if you want to see something in particular, yeah?"

Ryuko nodded, ashamed to admit that she was fed up with all this talking. "Sounds good to me."

Satsuki's arms wrapped around Mako's middle and she scooped the shorter girl into her lap. Ryuko stiffened when her lips came down on Mako's neck, brushing only briefly enough to get her giggling again.

*Oh my god this is really gonna happen!?*

She watched Satsuki hook her arm under Mako to reposition herself against the headboard, her little kisses unrelenting even as Mako tried to even the score. Not that it would do any good; she and Ryuko had long discovered that Satsuki was about as ticklish as a rock. She gave up the endeavor rather quickly when Satsuki bit her neck with a look of severe distaste on her face. Attempts to tickle were sorely received. Mako didn't seem to mind it much. She squealed and wriggled in Satsuki's arms in response, earning one of her deep chuckles in kind.

"Wow," Ryuko said. "Holy fuck."

She saw Mako grin wider at that before her fingers wound in Satsuki's hair to pull her into a proper kiss. Satsuki complied, if a bit reluctantly, and left a darkening mark blossoming where her lips had been. Mako rewarded her with a charming little nip to her bottom lip before kissing her deeply. As Satsuki moaned into her mouth, Mako pulled her hair. A tug here, a tug there, interspersed with a rake of her fingers. Ryuko knew it well, knew it before Satsuki, who fell into Mako's trap, her throat exposed for her to take. She trembled as Mako kissed every bit of skin she could reach as sloppily as possible.

"Satsuki," she said, kissing her chin. She started to peel the robe away from Satsuki, blessedly conscious of whether Ryuko could see what was happening or not. "Is this okay?"

"I'll tell you if it isn't, Mako," she answered, her voice low and rough. Her hand snaked under the back of Mako nightdress. Whatever she did, it sent Mako's eyes rolling back into her skull. "Touch me."

Mako pushed the material off of Satsuki's shoulders and it pooled in the bends of her elbows. Scars Ryuko hadn't ever noticed before splayed across the skin of her shoulders, chest and upper arms, some light, some dark, others clean, others jagged. How had she missed them? Did she make any of them? If she did, Satsuki would probably never tell her. She reached out to touch one above her breast, a long pale jagged one that caught the poor light, only to find a handful of Mako's hair between her fingers and Satsuki's steely grip on her wrist. Mako kissed the scar in Ryuko's stead, forging a compromise between them.

"Touch yourself, Matoi," she said. She didn't even look at her as she spoke. Her grip loosened on Ryuko's wrist as Mako moved her lips across her chest, following the line of each scar to its neighbors.

Ryuko snuck a cheeky little kiss to her hand and dodged the halfhearted slap that came in response. She sidled as close as she could bear without touching them, so close that the brief gleam of Mako's teeth couldn't be missed as they clamped down on Satsuki's nipple. As she slipped her hand under pajamas and underwear, the

red splotches rising high upon Satsuki's cheeks and the choked off moan she gave demolished any trace of doubt about this.

"M-Mako..." Satsuki moaned. She pulled the hem of her night gown up over Mako's back, over her head, so it tumbled uselessly down Mako's arms. Mako threw it away from her, against the door to the hallway, but before she could return to what she was doing, Satsuki leaned forward and buried her face in the warmth of Mako's chest. Her thumbs caressed the subtle lines of Mako's ribs as the younger girl stretched and opened herself to her. "Oh, Mako..."

The smile on Mako's face was practically beatific as Satsuki pressed her name along the curve of her breasts, the flat of her sternum, the bend of her clavicle. She cradled her head against her and kissed the top of her head. Satsuki guided her legs around her waist so that all that separated their skin at the juncture of Mako's legs was the light pink and frilly fabric of Mako's underwear.

"Satsuki," Mako said suddenly, and pulled Satsuki's face back up to meet hers nose to nose. "Are you nervous?"

Satsuki shook her head. To illustrate her answer her thumbs dipped into the sides of Mako's panties.

"Good, because I think I'm done with the beating around the bush."

Ryuko moaned at that and covered her mouth with her free hand to stifle it. Neither of them acknowledged the sound outright, but in Ryuko's mind Mako's smile grew that much more confident.

Satsuki did look nervous then, her face still flushed and trained intently on Mako.

"What shall we do?" Mako asked. Her usual playful tone was there, only now came uninterrupted by silly things like impatience and recklessness. "What game should we play? Do you have an idea?"

Satsuki muttered something. The blush crept down her neck and began to set on her shoulders.

"What was that?"

"You know what we should do," Satsuki said, her voice deeper than Ryuko had ever heard it. The desperate undertone she caught underneath it made her muscles jump and she gave herself a nice long stroke to prolong the sensation.

"Do I?" said Mako. "Maybe I want to hear you ask. You do know how to ask, right? I can teach you if you don't, so it's okay."

Satsuki swallowed. "Mako..."

"Yes, Sacchan?"

There was a heavy pause between them, punctuated only the tap of leaves against the window nearby. Mako tenderly touched Satsuki's face and swept stray strands of hair from her brow while she waited for her to speak.

"Please... fuck my face," she finally said in a whisper. Ryuko's hips jerked of their own volition.

Mako tapped her lips. "Maybe, if you can say it louder."

"Ride my face, Mako," she said, this time allowing her voice to carry a little farther and fill the room.

There was a strange look on Mako's face that Ryuko wasn't sure she'd ever seen before: a mix of glee and mischief so strong that it might have been malice hiding in the shallow shadows pooling in the contours of her face. If it were anyone else that would be the case, that is.

"Satsuki..." Mako drew her fingers along Satsuki's jaw. "Use the voice."

Satsuki gaped at the suggestion-which was really more of an order-her eyes flicking towards the door as if everyone in the house pressed their ears against it that very moment. Mako surely understood what she was asking... Nevertheless, after debating with herself for a long moment, Satsuki straightened her back and fixed her expression to the one that had so often leered down upon them from on high.

"MANKANSHOKU, I DEMAND THAT YOU FUCK MY FACE OR BEAR THE CONSEQUENCES."

Shivers ran through both Mako and Ryuko, although Mako was overcome with a face-splitting grin that must have been worth the risk for Satsuki. Even as she deflated and watched the door warily, her eyes darkened and her lip went between her teeth.

"Well, since you demanded me to," said Mako between giggles.

Satsuki growled at her and split the seams of Mako's lacy underwear.

"Hey!"

The useless fabric joined her nightgown, leaving Mako naked in her lap.

"I'll buy you twelve new pairs in every color they have; just stop toying with me."

Satsuki hitched Mako up higher and kissed her hard enough to bruise before she got an answer. She slid down the headboard, adjusting herself so that the arms of her robe wouldn't bunch beneath her or Mako's knees. Mako muttered something into Satsuki's forehead as the taller girl pulled her hips up along her torso and Satsuki bit a welt next to her navel as it passed in reply. The smell of arousal permeated the air, all newness and indescribability.

Satsuki's arm shoulder brushed Ryuko's thigh as Mako settled high on her chest, bringing Ryuko to the swift realization of how close she really was to them. She needed only to lean forward if she wanted to take Mako's nipple between her lips. Her free hand could comb through Satsuki's hair if she felt like it. Their breathing thrummed, mismatched and uneven. Between Mako's thighs her dampness glistened. Satsuki's lips darted out with wet her lips, which made Mako flinch ever so slightly. Ryuko's hand quivered against her clit, disobeying her urging to move only when they did. Her own arousal was slick upon her fingers.

Mako gasped as Satsuki's tongue finally dipped inside her cunt. Their fingers wound together and her hips rolled jerkily with each pass of her tongue, little noises falling from her mouth in reply. Satsuki's brows were furrowed in concentration, her attempts to set a rhythm thwarted by Mako's erratic thrusts.

With her name on her lips, Mako released one of her hands of her hands to explore Satsuki further. But as her fingers picked at the robe's knot that had shimmied over her hips, Satsuki's teeth buried themselves into the tender flesh of Mako's inner thigh. Mako let out a loud cry halfway between pain and pleasure. The errant hand fisted in Satsuki's hair.

"Don't," came Satsuki's warning. She seized both of her hands and curled them over the headboard where they could cause no more trouble. Only then did she allow Mako to press herself urgently against her face once more.

Mako held on to the headboard with all her might and rutted against the older girl, her knuckles white and the moans becoming longer and louder with each passing moment. Ryuko struggled to keep pace with her, wanting desperately to touch her in some way. She instead focused on the grip Satsuki had on her hips, the bouncing of Mako's breasts, the way the bed rocked hard enough that Mako's poor fingers might betray how much noise they had muffled between the bed and the wall.

Satsuki's name hung in the air on a long high note. Mako's hands were once again clenched in Satsuki's hair, holding her there, holding her prisoner as her body spasmed with the force of her climax. It was the second, softer call that sent Ryuko over the edge. Their names caught in her throat, leaving only formless grunts to pierce the air above their bed.

Dimly, she felt an arm sneak around her waist and pull her closer against the muggy heat of their skins. Her hand was guided out of her pajamas only to have a mouth engulf each finger one by one, tongue twirling idly around each. She moaned softly at the attention, words still escaping her. Then a cheek rested against her palm and she couldn't help but caress it even weakly.

Mako laid back on Satsuki's bent legs, breathing deeply and smiling lazily. Her silence was calm and unrushed for once and she ran her fingers along the purpling bite mark on her inner thigh. It must hurt like hell, but if it did, she gave no sign.

"I'm guessing you have no complaints," whispered Satsuki. Ryuko felt her words in her palm more than heard them and smiled.

"About what?" she asked.

"Our performance compared to your dream." Her smile was subtle but there nonetheless.

"Oh! Uh, well, if it means anything, I almost completely forgot the dream," Ryuko answered. "But yeah, that was way better. Since it was real and all."

Satsuki chuckled and let Ryuko's hand fall so she could struggle to sit up. Mako whined a little, but otherwise seemed content to impede her progress.

"Hear that, Mako?" Satsuki asked. "Such glowing praise."

"Yaaay!" Mako said faintly as she sat up with some difficulty. "But we can probably do it better next time, so don't get too comfy."

"Of course." Satsuki pulled her in for a short kiss and whispered something in her ear that made the blush rise in her cheeks again.

"O-oh, yeah I do...."

"Hey, no secrets." Ryuko pouted at them and crossed her arms over her chest. "Wanna tell the whole class, nee-chan?"

Satsuki didn't wait for encouragement. She drew Ryuko into a kiss as well, taking care to run her tongue against hers with intoxicating slowness. Ryuko tasted a heady musk on her that sent her nerves humming in her body once again. But before she could investigate further, Satsuki pulled away.

"Can you taste the both of you?" came her breath against her ear, and Ryuko understood.

"I do," she answered. "And you, you idiot."

Satsuki wasn't swayed, apparently done with blushing for the night, though Ryuko supposed if she had done everything Satsuki had tonight, she'd run out of patience for it too. Satsuki pushed Mako gently off of her legs so that Ryuko was tucked in on both sides. Taking the hint, Mako immediately snuggled up against Ryuko, her face burrowing into her chest. Soon, Mako's breathing was deep and even, with the slight trace of her usual snore. Nothing could wake her until morning.

"You wore her out," Ryuko whispered.

Satsuki made an agreeable noise though her gaze was turned far away as it had been before

"You okay?"

"Mm? Yes. Just thinking."

Ryuko flashed a mischievous smile. "Do you want me to wear you out?"

"No, Ryuko. I don't want that."

"If you're so sure then...." Ryuko settled into a more comfortable position, pulling Mako closer to her. "You go to sleep soon too or I'll just kick your ass until you pass out."

"Oh, baby, oh, baby," she deadpanned. "Sleep, pervert."

After a moment, Ryuko felt her stroke her head. It was strangely soothing. Her fingers passed over her forehead then retreated back into the mess of her hair, whether to smooth it out or muss it further, Ryuko neither knew nor cared.

All that mattered was the peaceful feeling that descended with sleep; the security of being surrounded by the two people she could trust the most. That was all she needed.